

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE NO. 673.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 19, 1867.

VOL. XXVI. No. 22.

Robert Schumann's Compositions.

Extracts (translated for this Journal) from his Biography by WASIELEWSKI.

(Continued from page 270.)

1834. Schumann had just established his musical journal, *Die Neue Zeitschrift*, and naturally therefore his musical productivity could not be important. In fact he only wrote two piano compositions, of which the first to be named is the "Etudes Symphoniques," published as Op. 13. It is founded on a theme which owes its origin, according to Schumann's statement, to the father of Ernestina (a young lady to whom he was deeply attached); and so here again, as in his "Abegg Variations" and "Impromptus," Schumann shows himself as in a certain sense a composer of occasional pieces. The so-called "Etudes Symphoniques," 12 in number, are a side-piece to the *Impromptus*; like these, although wearing an almost opposite coloring, they belong in the category of Variations, and in an equal degree they show the power of a varied, rich imagination over a given theme. But they are decidedly superior to the *Impromptus* in their greater clearness and pregnancy of thought; which is not to be wondered at, since between these two works lie the unpublished Variations on the *Sehnsucht* Waltz and on the Allegretto from Beethoven's A-major Symphony; so that Schumann had had considerable practice in the Variation form.

The last piece of the "Symphonic Studies," although partly built upon the theme, is properly no Variation, but an independent, more extended musical movement belonging to the Rondo form.

In the year 1852 Schumann prepared a new edition of this work. It differs from the original edition, apart from some unessential alterations, in the title, which now reads more definitely: "Etudes en forme de Variations;" also by an improvement in the form of the last piece, fitly called *Finale*, as well as by the omission of two variations, namely the third and the ninth.

The second composition, undertaken in 1834, but only finished in the following year, was the "Carneval," under the title: "Scènes mignonnes sur 4 Notes pour Piano, op. 9;" and in no other work of Schumann perhaps are such direct allusions to actual life perceptible as in this. Schumann himself says of it: "It originated in a serious mood and in peculiar circumstances." It really was so; and the involuntary beginning of the habit of expressing all that had powerfully moved the musician's soul through the medium of musical language, in a cycle of single pieces closely connected together by an inward tie, gained ground in this way. After its production, the whole was brought into connection with the idea of a masquerade—hence the title of "Carneval"—in which each individual experience, personified, should appear in motley procession. This is the explanation of the music pieces bearing the prescriptions: Florestan, Eusebius, Chopin, Chiaria (Clara), Estrella (Ernestine), Paganini, Papillons (allusion to Op. 2),—between

which slip in and out the typical masquerade figures of Pierrot and Harlequin, of Pantaloon and Columbine—and finally also the march of the "Davidsbündler" (David-confederates) against the "Philister."

In a letter to Moscheles (Sept. 22, 1837) Schumann writes: "The Carneval is for the most part occasional in its origin and, save three or four movements, is built all the time upon the notes A, S (E-flat), C, H (B natural), which form the name of a Bohemian village, where I had a musical lady friend, but which, strangely also are the only musical letters in my own name (Schumann). The superscriptions I added later. Is music then not always sufficient and expressive in itself? *Estrella* is such a name as one puts under a portrait, to hold the image fast; *Reconnaissance*, a scene of recognition; *Aveu*, a love confession; *Promenade*, an allusion to our German ball-room custom of walking arm in arm with one's lady. The whole has absolutely no artistic worth; singly, the various moods of mind embodied are of interest to me."

From this it appears that Schumann very severely condemns the "Carneval" three years after it was written. In denying to his creation all artistic worth, he certainly goes beyond the truth. The "Carneval" is by no means without artistic worth, at least in comparison with his preceding works. To be sure, the forms of the single pieces are mostly small and, with a few exceptions, not much carried out; but nevertheless they bear the stamp of a compact organic structure; and, with slight exceptions, as for example in the "Preamble" (which was made last) with its relation to the closing piece, they show also perfect clearness of thought. Every thing about them, without exception, is characteristic and new; the ground thought, the melodic, harmonic and rhythmical forms, and their variety, when we consider that the fundamental motive of most of the pieces is based always on the same four notes, betrays a rich elastic power of invention. In a word, we have here a thoroughly genuine piece of Schumann music in the most pleasant sense, with innumerable clever traits, hardly to be indicated by words, such as few other works of his afford. Much of it is simply charming, elegant, graceful and tasteful; but the Finale is thoroughly humorous and comical in its development, particularly through the very effective introduction of the "Philister" with the Grandfather's Dance, which last appears in highly edifying contrast to the firmly marked rhythm of the *Davidsbündler* march striding in with solemn gravity in 3-4 time, and in the battle with which the David-Confederates of course come off victorious. This last piece might be called *tendentius*,* but without implying any reproach, inasmuch as it has enough that is attractive simply as a piece of music.

* * *

* There is, we believe, no English equivalent for this adjective. The Germans apply it to a work of Art which has any reference to something outside of Art itself.—Tr.

The compositions of the year 1835 consist of the two Sonatas, already begun in 1833, in F-sharp minor, op. 11, and in G minor, op. 22. The first appeared under the strange title: "Pianoforte Sonata, inscribed to Clara, by Florestan and Eusebius." It is a genuine *Davidsbündler* composition, full of rich but most abruptly, suddenly contrasted moods, making the proclaimed authorship of the two mightiest *Bündler* (confederates) all the more explainable and fit.

Schumann once spoke of his compositions during the years 1830-35 as "dreary stuff," in no other case could he say that with more truth than of this Sonata. No one will deny the worth of many single moments in it, and especially the bold and powerful headway which Schumann has here made; but quite as little can one overlook the fact that the single portions are out of unity with the whole, that there is an utter lack of organic development, of logical spinning out of thought, and that a turgid and at times inelegant expression is predominant throughout. There can be no question that the fault is chiefly owing to the want of mastery of form. Above all, the complex Sonata form, till then entirely untouched by Schumann, must at the outset have placed unconquerable difficulties in his way; and it was not at all accidental or without intrinsic reason that the two Sonatas, already begun in 1833, were not taken up again and finished until 1835. The F-sharp minor Sonata everywhere betrays a painfully laborious wrestling with form, leading to no satisfactory result. If no positive artistic value can be ascribed to it, yet it is important as a transitional work in view of what followed afterwards. In the history of Schumann's artistic development it forms as it were a mountain barrier, whose narrow passes had to be violently broken through to prepare a smooth bed for the stream of thoughts. (The later edition of this Sonata is only distinguished from the first by the correction of some errors, and by the title, which now, in the place of "Florestan and Eusebius," names Schumann as the author).

The progress he had made is clearly enough announced in the G-minor Sonata; for this has the decided advantage over its sister of greater definiteness and clearness of form, although some single portions, for example the middle part of the Andante, have not yet attained to full working out of the thought. The most valuable piece in it, to be sure, the last movement, was only composed at the end of 1838, that is to say three years later than the rest, during Schumann's temporary stay in Vienna, in place of the original Finale; and, on a close comparison with the other three parts of the Sonata, it shows a far more masterly handling of form. The articulation and moulding of the thoughts and structure of periods, the shaping of the whole, the well defined expression—all are present here in such a degree that the intentions of the composer stand out sharply and clearly. Moreover the fundamental character of the last piece is in keeping with the deeply melancholy expression of the

preceding movements, which seem satiated with the glow of a suppressed passion; so that the work in its totality presents a speaking image of the deeply excited states of mind, by which Schumann was filled and swayed during the period between 1836 and 1840.

[During the next year (1836) occurred the death of Schumann's mother, the mutually friendly close of his intimate relations with Ernestine, and the awakening of his passionate love for Clara Wieck, which was reciprocated, but balked by the opposition of the father. This "critical condition" lasted into 1837].

Meanwhile he gave vent to his oppressed heart through two extended and in many respects very significant compositions. One of these was the already mentioned "Concerto for Piano-forte alone;" the other the Fantasia in C major, op. 17, for Piano. According to Schumann's list of his compositions the last named work was the first in origin, and was prompted by a special occasion, namely by the appeal which went out from Bonn, on the 17th December, 1835, through all Germany in behalf of the Beethoven statue which was there erected in August, 1845. It was Schumann's purpose, in composing this piece, to contribute the proceeds of its sale to the fund for the monument to the great master, and on that account to name it "Obolus." In like manner the single movements were to bear respectively the superscriptions "Ruins," "Triumphal arches," and "Wreath of Stars;" the symbolical interpretation is left to every one's conjecture. But afterwards, for reasons not known, Schumann gave up the idea of publishing the Fantasia for that object, and dropped the titles at the same time. Instead of these he affixed to the work as a motto the strophe by Fr. Schlegel:

"Durch alle Töne tönet
Im bunten Erdentraum
Ein leiser Ton gesogen
Für den der heimlich lauschet."

and on its appearance dedicated it to Franz Liszt.

No fitter title could have been found for this piece of music, than that which has been given it of "Fantasia." All the three movements separately considered—the order in which they succeed one another is different, to be sure, from the traditional one—have at first sight something approaching the Sonata form; but on nearer acquaintance you perceive as a characteristic of the Fantasia the free intermingling of different Art forms. Thus the first section of the first movement, essentially developed out of the main thought, which runs as far as the 19th measure, bears unmistakeably the character of the Sonata form; then follows a middle section in the song form, only once interrupted by the passing entrance of the main thought; and at the close comes back the first section with some modifications.

The second movement, march-like in its main thought, belongs in great part to the Rondo form; but it is also interrupted after the first section by a two-part song-like interlude, which then, in its further development is underbuilt and mingled with a pointed figure taken from the principal motive, and finally leads back again to the first theme.

The third and last movement belongs throughout to the song form; there are two main passagés, in C and A flat, which at last mingle peculiarly and run out into a Coda.

The whole work, weighed by its ideal contents, must unhesitatingly be counted among the most important that Schumann created during his first productive period extending to the year 1840. The motives, with all their originality, are uncommonly intensive, and in most cases have a significant melodic charm, rather in the sense of a Beethoven to be sure, than in that of a Haydn or a Mozart. There is something altogether Titanic and world-storming in them, which, roaring onward on the wings of a bright blazing fancy, would enchain the soul of the listener, if only the presentation of the whole, with all its depth and grandeur, were more complete and plastic. The chief clogs upon the hearer's sympathy in passages of this work are engendered by those peculiar complicated rhythmical forms, which do not achieve a clear outlet for themselves until somewhat later, and which here, as in the preceding works, sometimes overstep the measure of a beautiful movement. The last piece alone may form an exception to this remark, as this comes nearest to the demands of a measured exposition, although it is inferior to the first two in all that regards the grandeur and fine enthusiasm of the leading thoughts.

(To be continued).

The Philosophy of the Fine Arts.

(From the North American Review).

(Continued from page 371.)

Next in the ascending series of the fine arts stands Sculpture. Originally, as we have seen, it was closely allied to Architecture, and for a long time subordinate to it. The statues of India and Egypt are all essentially architectural; with half closed, heavy eyes, and arms pinioned to their sides, they lack life and liberty. Greek statuary, on the other hand, is endowed with a freedom and individuality corresponding to the emancipation of the religious consciousness of the Greek people. This freedom, however, was only a gradual attainment on the part of the Greeks. "Life is short, and art is long," and the perfection of all human productions is not to be reached by the efforts of a few generations, much less within the hour-glass of one man's life, but depends on the accumulated labor and experience of successive ages, each mounting higher than the former by a slow, spiral ascent, which often seems like moving on a dead level. Thus the earlier Greek sculpture is only a slight advance beyond the Indian and the Egyptian, and appears to have been derived from them. It is a different stage of the same type, another expression of a religious symbolism, in which every attitude, limb, and feature has some moral or intellectual significance. Consequently we find in the remotest periods of Hellenic art images which we might expect to see only on the banks of the Nile or the Ganges. Three-eyed Jupiters, four-armed Apollos, a Bacchus in the form of a bull, a Euryome like a mermaid, a colossal Diana with ten hieroglyphic tiers of breasts, and a black Ceres with the head of a horse encircled with serpents. The period which produced these monstrosities was pantheistic; they are the embodiments of the old Orphic theology, in which the gods were regarded as substantial potencies or powers of nature, prescriptive types of ideas and qualities to which we do not always possess the key. Apollo was originally the sun-god, extending his arms on all sides like rays of light. But as light is the emblem of knowledge, he became the god of prophecy and the corypheus of the Muses, and finally was endowed with a distinct personality as the god-man, the ideal of spiritual power and beauty. So it was with the oldest images of all the deities, which were supposed to have fallen from heaven. They were highly symbolical in their purpose, and very stiff and conventional in their mode of representation. In some of the most primitive temples they were mere blocks of wood or stone, with limbs and lineaments rudely indicated by lines drawn on or deeply cut into the surface, after the manner of Egyptian bassorilevos. In other the divinities are not distinguishable from each other in form or feature, but only by their emblems—the thunder-bolt, the trident, the caduceus, or the palm-branch. They were not intended to resemble persons, but to represent principles. The lively imagination and symmetrical mind

of the Greek soon revolted against the bungling and materialistic methods of expressing attributes. The hundred hands of Briareus and the multitudinous eyes of Argus are cheap and childish contrivances to indicate power and intelligence, compared with the ambrosial curls and knitted brow of the Olympian Jove or the prophetic glance and majestic front of Apollo. Yet so slow was the growth of art even in Greece, that after Daedalus had half freed the statue from its original clay by opening its eyes and separating its legs, eight centuries elapsed before it became a living soul under the hand of Phidias.

Sculpture, as well as architecture, was at first employed exclusively in the service of religion, and even during its palmiest days, in the age of Pericles, it continued to be devoted to this end in all its highest efforts. In Athens there was doubtless much stone-cutting and wall-painting applied to the daily necessities of life, but statuettes and pictures, as objects of art, were, as we have said, unknown in private dwellings. Before the time of Socrates there is not a single instance of a portrait bust; and portraiture was first practised in the school of Apelles, a contemporary of Alexander the Great. Pausanias (I. 46) informs us that a certain Phryne contrived to gain possession of a statuette of Cupid made by her lover Praxiteles; but she dared not incur the danger of keeping it, and consequently atoned for her impiety by consecrating it as a public work of art at Thebes, her native city. In Athens there were no private galleries of art, such as we find in modern European cities. Phidias was forbidden even to put his name on the statue of Minerva; and because it was alleged that in the representation of the battle of the Greeks and Amazons, which adorned the shield of the goddess, he had introduced among other figures the portraits of himself and his friend Pericles, he was accused of impious ambition and thrown into prison, where he died. It was not until the Macedonian age that the plastic arts began to forget their sacred destination, and degenerate into means of gratifying the luxury of individuals. The function of the sculptor was half priestly; he was the commissioned interpreter of the gods. We are told that, when Phidias had completed the Olympian Jove, the lightning fell from heaven and touched the statue in approbation of the work. It is this sense of sacredness that confers a value on these forms. In the progress of sculpture, from the brute shape of an Epeian Diana to the beautiful proportions of an Apollo Belvedere, we can trace the progress of theological ideas from pantheism to anthropomorphism.

The same is true of Christian sculpture and painting. In the Middle Ages, as in Asia, in Egypt, and in Greece, art began with religious themes. Architecture, as we have seen, led the way, and became the parent of the whole family of arts. It is difficult for us to form a conception of the sacredness which surrounded the vocation of the mediæval artist. He had a higher aim than technical beauty, the glories of color, or feats of anatomical skill. It was a holy office committed to consecrated hands. The academies of art in those days were religious fraternities and societies for spiritual edification. Such were the schools of Sienna and Florence during the fourteenth century. The code which prescribed the qualifications for membership laid more stress on personal piety than on technical skill. A Spanish sculptor who broke in pieces a statue of Christ because the purchaser refused to pay a stipulated price, was convicted of sacrilege by the Inquisition. As an artist he was ordained to a holy task. The marble became in his hands what the wafer is in the hands of the priest, a sacred thing; and as it was moulded into form, it received a consecration which took it from the possession of the individual and placed it under the protection of the Church.

To this habit of thinking, more than to any influence of climate and social customs, the Greeks owed their supremacy in sculpture, and the mediæval Italians their superiority in painting. On this ladder art ascended to the heaven of its divineness. Its objects were not deified by their beauty, so much as beautified by their divinity. The artist was at the same time a worshipper, to whom the expression of beauty was a service of piety, and from the depths of whose fervent religious emotion sprang forth a throng of shapes flashing with all the lustre that devotion could lavish upon them. The rude, un-fashioned stone, before which the Arcadian bowed in reverence, was like a magnet that set in motion all the invisible currents of his religious nature. It was this fine susceptibility to mental impressions derived from material images, aided by an exquisite perception of the significance and aesthetic value of form, that enabled Grecian art to break the tough chrysalis of a conventional type, and emerge free and gloriously transmuted.

In sculpture still more than in architecture the thought predominates over the material, and is more

clearly expressed in it. It is therefore a higher art than architecture. The material is the same, but it takes a bodily form, and thus advances from the inorganic. It is not merely erecting a temple, but it is building a human body, the temple of the soul. The perfection of sculpture rests on the correspondence of soul and body, on the idea of the supremacy of the psychological over the physiological, that every soul builds its own body and finds in it an adequate expression of itself; as Spenser says,

"For of the soul the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make."

In painting the spiritual predominates still more over the material; in fact, one of the primary qualities of matter is eliminated, viz. thickness. A painting has only two dimensions, length and breadth. Sculpture uses the same substance as architecture, but it controls and permeates it more completely; there is no superfluous residue, nothing that is not filled with life. In the glow of the artist's inspiration, the marble becomes as wax in his hands, and is easily moulded to the image of his thought. Painting, in its purer ideality, works in a finer substance. It represents the life of the soul, not in the heavy masses of sculpture, but in the play of light and shadow on a colored surface. The simple fact that painting can represent that "world of eloquent light," the human eye, gives it a vast superiority over the somnambulic form of sculpture; although it must be confessed that this limitation of sculpture is not without peculiar advantages, for the light which is withdrawn from the eye is diffused through all the members, spiritualizing them, so that the statue seems only to have been

"laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul"

Sculpture is best employed in isolated figures, and seldom ventures beyond the representation of small groups in which the characters are intimately related; such as man and woman both together constituting one complete human being; the youth, the maiden, and the mother; Laocoon and his sons in the folds of the serpent; Sleep and Death, as seen at San Ildefonso in Spain; or the celebrated trinity of Scopas and Praxiteles, personifying the kindred affections, Eros, Himeros, and Pothos. It is only in bassorilievo that it can express the complex interests of heroic or dramatic sentiment consistently with grace and dignity; and all the larger groups of free sculpture which antiquity has bequeathed to us, such as the Niobe, the Elgin, and the Eginean marbles, were purely architectonic, i. e. they were employed as reliefs to adorn the metopes and pediments of temples, and were therefore in their nature and use pictorial. Painting, on the contrary, does not stop with the single portrait or the group, but, by means of foreshortening and perspective, blends the far and the near into great compositions, epic, historical, and allegorical. The oldest sculpture is architectural, and the oldest painting is sculpturesque. Each grew up in apprenticeship to its predecessor before it appeared as a master-art. Sculpture, in the different phases of relief, was first employed as a decoration in connection with temples, and color was originally applied to enliven and heighten the expression of statuary. Thus they are all united in a vital continuity of development; emanations of the same pious enthusiasm, and devoted to the same spiritual service.

Few will doubt that the Reformation gave us a sounder morality, a more beautiful charity, and a purer doctrine; but, at the same time, it was attended with a great decrease of that superabundant religious sensibility which overflows in all manner of idolatries. What the moral being gained, the imagination lost. An abstract and metaphysic creed seldom leads the worshipper to the cultivation of any supererogatory and luxurious devotion. It abjures the images of the Saviour, the Virgin, and the saints, and watches over the dry spirituality of its worship with iconoclastic jealousy. Even the consecrated walls have been stripped of their sacredness, and the word Church transferred from the edifice to the invisible body of the devout assembly. But, above all, the Reformation unsealed the Bible and put it into every man's hand, and by this simple act thrust aside the statues and the pictures which had hitherto been the chief authorized and accessible interpreters of religion. Christianity, however, even from an aesthetic point of view, does not find its fullest and highest expression in the sublime conceptions of Michel Angelo, or in the forms of beauty which grew up under the touches of Raphael's pencil, but seeks a more spiritual medium of utterance in music, poetry, and prose; in these, especially in the last two, Protestantism records the most splendid achievements. It shines pre-eminently in its literature.

Of the five senses with which man is endowed, only two are inlets of beauty to the soul, namely, the eye

and the ear. The ear is a more spiritual organ than the eye, furnishes a readier access to the soul, and contributes more to mental culture and the growth of the finer feelings. Through the eye, the soul pours itself out on the external world; through the ear, it draws into itself by mysterious cords the spiritual content of the external world. The eye is peripheral; the ear, central. By means of the former, we see the outer man, what he does; by means of the latter, we get the most perfect conception of the inner man, his thought embodied in speech. Sight conveys a knowledge of form and of the mutual relations of things in space; sound gives us an idea of their internal structure. We know that a body is hard, dense, brittle, or elastic, not from its shape, nor even from its resistance to pressure, but from the tone which it emits when in vibration. By this we are made acquainted with the ultimate constitution and arrangement of particles underlying all tangible and visible qualities.* We conclude, then, that the speaking arts, which address themselves to the ear, are higher and more spiritual than the imaging arts which are addressed to the eye. The first of these speaking arts is Music. Painting, as we have seen, is a mere surface having only two dimensions. Music is still freer from physical conditions; it leaves out all relations of space, and stands midway between a thought and a thing; its material is sound, which does not occupy space, but develops itself in time. The vibrations which produce the tone are indeed propagated in space, but they are not the tone; they are its scientific explanation as a phenomenon, but are never associated with its effects. Music is the natural expression of feelings, as speech is the natural expression of thoughts; acting immediately on the emotions, it bears only an indirect relation to ideas, which it never calls up except by association. Music, the language of feeling, cannot be adequately translated into speech, the language of thought. It enlivens and directs the imagination and fills the soul with delightful reverie, but it lacks precision; it is ineffable, it cannot be told in words. In this apparent defect lies the real and peculiar power of music. Sentiment is at once more and less than thought; more, because in the emotions lie the germs of many thoughts; less, because these germs are only possible thoughts; there is more substance in the feelings, more clearness in the thoughts. Men are less separated in the former than in the latter. The whole world fraternizes in music; it is a universal language; it is the inarticulate voice of the heart, recognized by and appealing to all.

Every art has certain limitations beyond which it cannot pass with impunity, and the attempt on the part of music to express ideas, or to represent things, has always turned out disastrous. In striving after the mere illusion of the ear, it is degraded from its high function. Its greatest achievements are not to whistle like a bird, to ring like a bell, or to bang like a culverin. The climax of absurdity in this respect was attained in the musical buffooneries of the German and Italian contrapuntists of the seventeenth century, who employed all the resources of violin and oboe in giving the cackle of a hen, or in rendering in *legato* the "linked sweetness long drawn out" of mewing cats, with an occasional *staccato* thrown in by way of a spit. Thus the sheep of Marcello bleat in soprano, and the oxen low in contralto, all of which may have been very ideal and edifying to the Venetians, who might never have an opportunity of hearing those animals. There is a sublimity in a natural storm which even the best performer of Steibelt's musical one fails to represent by tipping the upper notes in imitation of rain-drops and rumbling among the lower keys with both hands full of thunder. In this gross mimicry of sounds, music, the purest of the arts, is degraded to a juggler's trick. It may excite gaping astonishment and gratify low curiosity; so does the man on the market-place who swallows tow and pulls ribbons out of his mouth. Paganini was a genius, but when he strove after vulgar effect by fiddling on one string, he was no better than a clown cutting antics on a tight rope; and Eulensteiner playing a tune on sixteen Jews-harps stands no higher as an artist than the Italian harlequin who keeps six oranges in the air. In favor of imitative music some may be disposed to cite examples from the great masters,—the magnificent Hail-storm Chorus of Handel, or the plaintive cuckoo-notes of the clarinet in Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony. But here the end sought is not a barren imitation; the rage of the elements and the song of the bird are lost sight of in the grander themes which

* It may be true that men are less moved by what they hear than by what they see.

Segnius irritant animos demissa per auren

Quam que sunt oculis subjecta fidibus, et quo

Ipsa sibi tradit spectator.

The eye, it is true, takes in and interprets more quickly, but the impressions are less deep and lasting than those received through the ear.

they suggest and blend with the whole composition in harmonious subordination to a spiritual purpose. So little indeed is music a mere reproduction of the sounds that enter through the sensual ear, that the peculiar grandeur of Beethoven's compositions is attributable in a great measure to the deafness which afflicted him during the latter half of his life. What celestial melodies entranced his soul in the midst of the silence of earth!

If we compare music with painting, we shall see a striking resemblance in the materials of the two arts,—in the seven tones of the diatonic scale and the seven colors of the solar spectrum. Dark and light colors produce effects corresponding to those produced by deep and high tones; such epithets as gentle, subdued, loud, &c., apply equally to both. There is also a moral quality in colors as well as in tones; gray, of which Michel Angelo was so fond, is full of gravity and sublimity. This correspondence between sound and color, however, is wholly subjective, and may be to some extent visionary.

Objectively and constructively, music is analogous to architecture. The fundamental law of the latter is symmetry and proportion; that of the former, rhythm and harmony; but what those are in space, these are in time. Architecture is the symmetrical arrangement of a solid material,—metal, wood, or stone; music is the audible tone ringing off from this material in vibration. The physical body is architecture; the spiritual body is music. Thus the lowest of the speaking arts is only a spiritualization of the lowest of the imaging arts; and this is what Hegel meant when he defined music to be architecture translated from space into time. In it geometry rules over the tenderest emotions, and all its subtle harmonies are woven in a mathematical frame-work. Meyerbeer's Prophet rests on the theorems of Euclid. The same principles led to Kepler's Law and to Jenny Lind's Bird-song; and it is a fact perhaps worth considering, that the divisions of a musical string have a near correspondence to the relative distances of the planets from the sun; so that the Pythagorean doctrine of the harmony of the spheres may, after all, have a scientific basis. Vitruvius maintained that he who would excel as an architect must be also a musician; and Goethe in conversation with Eckermann (II. 88), calls architecture a petrified music, because the impressions produced by each are similar. The cathedral is a vast organ, whose melodies are fixed in stone, and reach the soul through the eye, instead of through the ear. Apparently there can be no greater contrast than the heavy massiveness of architecture, and the flowing, ever-changing tone-waves of music; yet they are intimately related, and the fitness of the temple music to the temple is complete, like the union of soul and body or the unity of thought and word.*

Historically also the tone and temper of every stage of culture and type of civilization are reflected in its music. It is well known that there is a great variety of keys, majors, minors, sharps, flats, &c., which are supposed to have a peculiar adaptation to the manifold moods of mankind; but the truth is, the musical ear of humanity changes from age to age, so that the same key is employed at different periods for different purposes. The fact that G minor in Schubert's Erlkönig is used to express a sentiment of heart-chilling horror, is no guarantee that it could be employed by a composer of the year 2000 to produce the same effect. Dorian music was in the key of D minor, but the firm and manly qualities which Aristote and Atheneus attribute to it belong, according to our feeling, rather to C major, the key of Phrygian music. Thus we have literally made a leap a *doris ad majorum*. To the ear of the eighteenth century G major was a brilliant, ingratiating tone; and Kircher in his *Musurgia Universalis*, published in 1636, calls it *tonus voluptuosus*; but by us, on the contrary, it is regarded as especially modest and naïve, although a little frivolous. Before the time of Calvisius, who lived in the sixteenth century, C major was the love-tone; but it is in A major that Mozart's Don Giovanni declares his passion to Zerline. In the seventeenth century D minor was the tone of holy serenity; with Gluck and Mozart it bears the stamp of brooding melancholy and dread, whereas in Weber's *Der Freischütz* it is the voice of wild demoniac vengeance and triumph. The publication of Goethe's *Werther* was followed by a morbid accumulation of sentimentality throughout all Europe, which gave rise to a multitude of love songs in the despairing, suicidal key of G minor; to such a degree is the music of any period a delicate pathometer, which de-

* It may seem strange at first sight, that, whilst there are women who have won fame as sculptors, painters, poets, and prose-writers, female genius appears to be wholly excluded from architecture and music, and we are unable to recall a single instance of a female architect or a female composer of any eminence. This is an additional evidence of the analogy between these arts, and is due to the fact that both of them rest on a mathematical basis.

tects the nature and measures the intensity of its emotions. The eighteenth century preferred the voices which are most nearly tuned to the violin. The artificial and emasculated voice of the man who sang as if he had a small oboe in his throat was thought to be peculiarly fit for rendering lyric and dramatic music. We give preference to the brighter tones of the flute, the clarinet and the horn, to the splendor of burnished over that of molten gold. Tones and keys which a century ago were employed only to express the strongest emotions, are now applied on the most ordinary occasions; the spices and highly seasoned condiments of our ancestors have become our daily bread. This musical phenomenon corresponds also to the belief of some physiologists that the average human pulse has quickened about ten throbs per minute during the last half century; so that the sanguine pulse of fifty years ago is the healthy working-pulse of to-day. This acceleration marks precisely the difference between a harp and a piano, between touching a string with the finger and hitting it with a hammer; and even our piano-forte music is more forte than piano. Quantz, who taught the flute to Frederic the Great, speaking of execution, says, "In adagio every note must be gently caressed." But the taste of to-day seems to demand that every note should be vigorously cuffed. In this age of over-excitement the ear has grown dull to the more subtle and delicate harmonies, as if it had been stunned by the din of railways and the whistle of steamboats; so that the brilliant music of a century ago is no longer brilliant to us. In order to produce the effect which it was meant to produce, we are obliged to increase the volume of the orchestra, and put two instruments where our grandfathers put only one. At this rate the next generation will be obliged to add a calliope. It is certain that since the days of Haydn and Handel the key of the flageolet has gone up a third, or even an octave.* This metamorphosis of the ear is one of the most curious facts in the history of music. We know not how it is that the eleventh century derived pleasure from the compositions of Guido da Arezzo, which, if performed in one of our concert-rooms, would drive the auditory from the house.

(To be continued.)

* For a full development of this point, see Riehl's *Culturstudien aus drei Jahrhunderten*, Art. *Das musikalische Ohr*.

Music in England.

THE MUSICAL HISTORY OF THE YEAR 1866.

(From the *Choir and Musical Record*.)

Among the most difficult tasks which we can well lay before the musical historian is that of stating the actual amount of progress made in the art during any particular year, and yet if our annual record does not shew some signs of progress, it must, by the very nature of things, tell of absolute retrogression, for in art as in religion there is no stationary position. Looking back, then, at the year 1866 from this special point of view, it is hard to say where any definite evidence has been given either of an improvement in the public taste or in popular musical education. There have not been wanting signs of the still powerful influence which the trash in music, as in literature, exerts over the minds of a large class of persons to whom the art is simply a vehicle for the retailing of bad jokes and the promulgation of insane specimens of anything but English poetry which a publisher would refuse even for a half-penny periodical, but which, under the guise of a soa with the usual tum-tum accompaniment find an unlimited number of admirers. Although the Ballad Concerts, to which we have frequently referred, have thus done much to depress rather than elevate the people in the scale of musical existence, and although we cannot perhaps point to the establishment of any new form of concerts where really good music has been performed to counterbalance the evil, yet the interest excited by the Report on Musical Education issued by the Special Committee of the Society of Arts, and the subsequent changes at the Royal Academy of Music, give us good reason to hope that the year has not passed away without leaving some influence for good in its train, although it may not have been signalized by any momentous events, like the fiery showers which will render the year remarkable in the annals of the astronomical world.

Indeed, in the most important branch of the art,—Church Music,—we have great reason to congratulate ourselves on the retrospect of the past year. Our pages have been crowded with records of CHORAL FESTIVALS, not only in the noble cathedrals and abbeys, but in obscure country parishes where the clergy have been kindled into some degree of enthusiasm for the art, which has ever ranked not only next to Religion herself in its divine influences, but has been always regarded as one of her most powerful assistants in elevating men and raising their thoughts from earth to heaven.....

Musical Education, in its general sense, is decidedly improving, though perhaps by slow degrees. The Royal Academy of Music, with our greatest English composer* at its head and one of the most eminent of foreigners who by long residence in, and hard work for our country, has won its "musical freedom," as his lieutenant,† will doubtless not only enlist a larger amount of public sympathy, and, let us hope, receive a larger sum of the public money, but also provide, what at present we look in vain for—a genuine school of English artists capable of singing English music. Although, however, much may be done by this institution, with good management and an increased number of free scholarships, yet its work must always bear an infinitesimal proportion to the number of those throughout the length and breadth of the land who would not only be worthy of musical culture, but who, if trained as *artistes* or composers, would do honor to our country. For musical education to become general, then, something more is required than the National Music School. We want the art taught as an art and not as a mere accomplishment in our ladies' schools and our public grammar schools; we want the clergy in every parish to do something for the musical education of their people; and we want the music of our homes to be raised in style and in performance. If all these requirements were fulfilled, or if even an honest attempt were made to begin to fulfil them, then the Royal Academy would have no lack of candidates, and the English would by degrees take high rank among the nations of the world as musical people.

Turning to Italian Opera, which, although not the most important, is at any rate the most costly and most popular musical feast placed before the London public, we find that so far as relates to the production of novelties and the appearance of new *artistes*, Her Majesty's Theatre bears the palm. Mr. Mapleson not only mounted Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris*, and Mozart's *Il Seraglio*, but revived Weber's *Oberon*, and Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*; and although Gluck's opera was not "popular" enough to draw full houses, we can but give credit to the enterprising lessor for thus adding another link to the chain of masterpieces which he has brought forward since he has been at the theatre. Among the new vocalists, Signor Mongini, a tenore robusto, and Mr. Tom Hohler, a tenor of lighter style, were the only important *debutants*. The former was a valuable acquisition, and was equal to the hardest work of the season; but Mr. Hohler was unable to hold his ground, and soon retired into the more private life of the concert-room. Madame Grisi reappeared once more, but only to prove what her best friends feared—that she was past work of such an arduous character, and her first was consequently her last appearance. Still holding the services of Madlle. Tieijens, Madlle. Ilma de Murska, Madlle. Sinico, and Mr. Santley, the lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre was enabled to keep up a constant change of programme without the slightest fear of presenting an opera with an inefficient cast. At Covent Garden, the novelty provided was the little comic opera, *Crispino e la Comare*, by the Brothers Ricci, which was not of any great importance, the second new opera promised, Donizetti's *Don Sébastiano*, never getting any farther than the announcement in that most dubious of guides—the prospectus of the forthcoming season. The only new *artiste* of any note who appeared under Mr. Gye's auspices was Madame Vilda, who sang in *Norma* and other operas with great success. She has a soprano voice of great power, and a good style, but lacked ease as an actress. Madlle. Adelina Patti, Signor Mario, MM. Faure, and Naudin were the most important members of the staff.

English Opera breathed its last at Covent Garden early in the spring, and "left not a rack behind," except a few dresses and some stage property; the Royal English Opera Company thus coming to an untimely death; and as if everyone had become convinced that the production of national operas was a losing speculation, we have had no further attempts at its revival to record, Mr. Mellon only promising a comic operetta as a *lever de rideau* for his Christmas pantomime, which has outlived the opera.

The old Philharmonic Society steadily pursued its conservative course at the Hanover Square Rooms, under Dr. Sterndale Bennett's direction, and, as it has since appeared, this was to be his last season with the Society he has done so much to improve and benefit. Even here the influence of the now constantly increasing taste for the music of Schumann showed itself by the performance of his Cantata, *Das Paradies und die Peri*, at the first concert of the season; but it suffered in no small degree from the unsatisfactory way in which it was given. His piano-forte concerto was played at a later concert by Herr Jaell. Among the other soloists of the season were Herr Joachim and Mr. W. G. Cusins, the latter*

*Wm. Sterndale Bennett.

†Otto Goldschmidt.

whom has since been appointed conductor of the Society, a change which will, doubtless, not be unfruitful in the coming year; and although after Dr. Bennett's successful direction, the most excellent of musicians might well feel the greatness of the work he has to do, and almost doubt his own powers, yet we have great confidence that the Society will be well managed by its new head. At the New Philharmonic Concerts at St. James's Hall, there is little of absolute novelty to record. Schumann's E flat Symphony, Weber's clarinet Concerto (Mr. Lazarus,) Spohr's "Power of Sound," and Beethoven's C minor Symphony were among the great things done, while the soloists included Mr. J. F. Barnett and Herr Straus.

The Musical Society of London, under Mr. Alfred Mellon's direction, played, for the first time in London, Mr. Arthur Sullivan's new Symphony, No. 1, in E minor, which was produced a few weeks before at the Crystal Palace. Among the other novelties of the season was a concert solo for the clarinet and orchestra from the pen of Mr. Silas, admirably played by Mr. Lazarus. M. Wieniawski was among the soloists.

It is, however, to Mr. Manns and his now famous band at the Crystal Palace Concerts that we must award the place of honor in the history of the orchestral performances of the year 1866; for while the old London Societies contented themselves with keeping up their reputation without adding to their repertoires, he produced several works new to England, including Ferdinand Hiller's *Cantata, Loreley*; Gounod's hymn, S. Cecilia, in which M. Sainton played the violin solo; the Symphony mentioned above, by Mr. A. S. Sullivan, and the overture to his opera, the *Sapphire Necklace*, played for the first time at his benefit concert; Schubert's overture to *Alphonse und Estrelle*; and the entr'actes to the same composer's *Rosamunde*. Among the larger works performed during the year, were Mendelssohn's *Walpurgisnacht*; Handel's *Acis* and *Galatea*, and his *Alexander's Feast*; Mozart's *Il Seraglio*; Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris*; in both the latter works the vocalists were from Her Majesty's Theatre, Covent Garden not contributing any of the attractions to the opera concerts of 1866. Schumann shared the honors with the great masters, who were drawn upon freely for symphonies and overtures in right good Sydenham style.

Passing from the greater to the less we must glance at the manifest progress which instrumental chamber music is making amongst us. A few years ago the Musical Union was almost the only Society in existence for the purpose of providing the lovers of this special branch of music with a concert, and by its somewhat exclusive rules and high subscriptions it has for the last twenty years only catered for the upper ten thousand. And this we believe was more owing to the lack of desire on the part of the public than from any fault in the concert-givers. Now, however, the state of the case is changed. Mr. Arthur Chappell by means of his popular concerts has thoroughly impregnated us with a love of the string quartet, the purest form of musical composition, and his supporters, "the people," prove by their attendance and their steady attention to every note of the music, that he has rightly felt the popular pulse. Herr Joachim and his coadjutors have won for themselves a world-wide reputation, and not only on Monday nights, but on Saturday afternoons in S. James's Hall, and at provincial towns, has the same success attended them. Amateur quartet parties, too, are on the increase, and a new society under Herr Molique's direction is hard at work. The great want in this class of music seems to be a society for the practice of new compositions; (similar to that of the Musical Society of London, for the trial of orchestral music,) for although prizes are offered by the Society of British Musicians and are gained by many deserving writers, among whom we may specially mention Mr. E. Prout, B.A., yet, with the exception of one semi-public performance, their works seem to be shelved, and, of course, we cannot blame Mr. Ella or Mr. Chappell for remaining steadfast to the great classics. A monthly performance of new works by a competent party of instrumentalists would, we feel sure, be a stimulus to young composers which is much wanted at the present time, especially in this country where public honors to musicians are so seldom bestowed. Mr. Ella's season was rendered noteworthy by the performance of four new and promising pianists, M. Diemer from the Paris Conservatoire, Mr. Hartvigson, a Dane, Madlle. Gayrard Pacini, and Madlle. Trautmann, both first prize pupils from Paris. Herr Auer, and Herr Wieniawski were the leading violinists, Herr Goffré taking the violin in the place of the late Mr. Henry Webb; Signor Piatti still held his post as violoncellist. The programmes were of the usual excellent character. At the Monday Popular Concerts the

pieces played for the first time were Haydn's Quartets in G major, Op. 76, No. 1, and in E flat, Op. 33, No. 2, and his Trio in C; Spohr's Duo Concertante in G minor for pianoforte and violin; Dussek's Sonata, "The farewell;" Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in E minor, Op. 35; Mozart's Quartet in E flat; Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonata in F sharp major, Op. 78; Mozart's Divertimento in G major for strings and two French horns; and Schubert's Grand Pianoforte Sonata in A major. Thus Mr. Chappell has worked well through the year, and having gained possession of S. James's Hall earlier this year than he did in 1865, he has been enabled to give an ante-Christmas season.

The great Choral Societies, devoted to the production of oratorios and large works of a similar nature, give little to record. Both the Sacred Harmonic Society and the National Choral Society are very much in the same position as last year; neither have left the beaten track, although the older society has revived Haydn's *Seasons* and performed some Masses, which were perhaps intended as a sop for those who, like ourselves, charge the committee with apathy and indifference to the requirements of the public in this class of music, which, so long as the many noble and yet unknown works are left on the shelf, will not be satisfied.

In Glees and Part-Songs, Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir still reigns supreme, and, indeed, we may add in solitary grandeur, for it has had no competitor; and that this should be the case in a nation which owns the greatest glee and madrigal writers amongst its musical worthies, is a matter of regret, and is moreover a proof that conductors are not awake to the wants of the day, as the support Mr. Leslie has received gives proof that if another choir could attain, by equally diligent practice, to the same state of efficiency, it would soon gain favor. We still have amongst us men able to write a good part-song, and this makes it an additional cause for regret that there are so few choirs able to sing them as they ought to be sung. Among the novelties produced by Mr. Leslie were Mr. Salaman's eight-part setting of the 29th Psalm; a quaint Christmas coral by Mr. Silas; with anthems by Messrs. Barnby and Leslie, and Dr. Wesley. There were two Lenten Concerts with rich programmes; and the last subscription performance was entitled a Madrigal Concert, chiefly on account of the programme including the three compositions which gained the prizes offered by the Bristol Madrigal Society in 1865:—Mr. Leslie's "Hark! how the winds," Mr. W. J. Westbrook's "All is not gold," and Mr. Lahee's "Thine eyes so bright," none of which created any great impression. In the suburbs several societies have been working quietly and steadily in Mr. Leslie's steps, among which we may specially mention the Islington Vocal Union and the Canonbury Vocal Union.

The Concordia Choir, for the production of little-known masterpieces, performed Cherubini's *Requiem Mass* in C minor, at the Hanover Square Rooms, and, although, considering the difficulty of the work and the absence of any brass instruments, it was tolerably satisfactory, the conductor, Mr. W. Volkman, has resigned his post, not receiving the support he expected. Among the other smaller societies which have devoted their time to choral music we may mention the West London Madrigal Society, the West Central Choral Society, the Hullah Choral Society, the West London Sacred Choral Society, and the City Sacred Harmonic Society.

Among the private enterprises of the year none deserves more honorable mention than Mr. Charles Halle's Pianoforte Recitals, at which he gave the whole series of Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonatas. M. Wieniawski and Mr. G. A. Osborne gave an excellent programme at their benefit concert. Madame Sainton-Dolby gave several Ballad Concerts with programmes composed chiefly of the modern style. Mr. Alfred Mellon's Promenade Concerts, which have filled up the autumn and winter months, have been characterized by all their usual attractions though with the exception of the Thursday evening programmes of classical music there had been little of interest to any but the lovers of popular songs and dance music.

The Provincial Festivals were eminently successful. The Three Choirs at Worcester produced nothing worthy of note beyond the stereotyped oratorios and secular concerts; but at Norwich Mr. Benedict contributed a Cantata, *S. Cecilia*, and Mr. Sullivan a concert overture, both of which were very successful. Handel's *Passion Music* was included in the scheme.

The annals of Musical Literature still show an improvement. Several valuable works have been issued during the year, including "Beethoven's Letters," translated by Lady Wallace, and Herr Engel's "Introduction to the Study of National Music." The musical journals, too, have been altered to some

extent, the Choir and Musical Record having adopted a fortnightly, and the Musical Standard a weekly issue.

Although, therefore, the signs of absolute progress have been few and far between in the year that is past, still we have not been standing still. Our societies have kept up their standard of excellence, so far as the style of performance goes; and it is only in the absence of new or unknown works from their programmes that we have any fault to find. In fact, before a well-grounded change can be made either in the musical tastes of the English people, or in the programmes of their concerts, we must have a solid improvement in the education, both at our private schools and in our public institutions.

Music Abroad.

HALLE. The Orchestra has the following letter from this old town, dated Dec. 18, 1866. It will interest the admirers of Handel and of Robert Franz.

This fortunate town is the birthplace of immortal Händel, the man whose works, impressed with the mark of rare power, will last as models of inspiration and science. The great project of building a large music hall, exclusively dedicated to the performance of his works, having been abandoned for want of money, a very modest monument was with difficulty erected in the middle of the principal market-place of Halle, bearing a bronze statue of mediocre merit. On one side of the pedestal are written the following words:—"ERRICHTET VON SEINEN VEREHRERN IN DEUTSCHLAND UND ENGLAND." Two great nations, after having made so great a noise about Händel, have joined together to bring out this puny result! In fact, only a few pounds came over from England; the Queen sent £50 and the Prince Consort £25. In Germany altogether there was collected about 400 thalers, and the greatest part of the expense was supported by the inhabitants of Halle, each piously bringing his mite towards the sacred undertaking. In 1857 Jenny Lind sang the "Messiah" in the said town, devoting the receipts of the concert to the Händel monument. In the same year, the sculptor, H. Heidel, from Berlin, made the model of the statue. On the 14th July, 1859, the statue was discovered, and "Samson" given in the market church, under the leadership of Doctor Robert Franz. Upon the desk, on which the statue of Händel leans, lies the score of the "Messiah." Heidel refused any payment for his work, his expenses excepted, asking only as compensation that the statue might be cleaned every month, so as to retain a good color. This very modest desire of the artist having fallen into oblivion, the pigeons and sparrows have colored the head and coat of bronzed Händel in their own peculiar way.

The market people, who were furious at the beginning, because the monument in question interfered with their usual arrangements, are now reconciled to it and utilize the steps round it to sell their cabbages, carrots, potatoes, &c. This famous type of the *femmes de la Halle* of Halle could not understand why the English people should send money for the monument of Händel; and as about here a pork-butcher called Händschel is very celebrated for his capital sausages, they asked ingeniously if Händel got the monument for *having improved the manufacture of sausages in England!*

Musical pitch does not stand very high in Halle, in consequence of the indifference of the rich. The town is poor and does literally nothing for music. However, there is a very fine orchestra, a Stadtmusikdirektor, and a Doctor der Musik at the University. The first of these gentlemen, Herr Sohn, is an industrious musician, who derives a hundred thalers a year salary from the town, and makes his living out of teaching and letting-out the orchestra, which is engaged at his own cost. As there are two concert societies and a theatre, Herr Sohn organizes a new orchestra every winter, and lets it out on hire. The second gentleman, Robert Franz, is one of the great living German composers. His *Lieder* are celebrated in Germany and America; and he is a *fanatico* for ancient music in general and for Bach in particular. He has already arranged and published ten cantatas, six duets, four collections of airs for soprano, tenor, contralto, and bass by Bach, and is going to publish at Härtel's a newly-arranged *Passione* by the same composer. I have also seen a very fine edition of a *Magnificat* by Durante, and a *Stabat Mater* by Astorga, also arranged by Franz. The principal occupation of Dr. Franz is teaching and lecturing on music at the University. I have had the chance of making his acquaintance, and found in him a highly interesting philosopher and musician, of simple manners. Unfortunately,

through the explosion of an engine at a railway station many years ago his hearing became deranged.

The two concert societies of Halle are directed by Sohn and Franz alternately, and both gentlemen are capital leaders. One of the two societies is subscription concert society, open to the public at large, and the other is a private association, called *die Berggesellschaft*, which is no other than freemasons' society. The first-named concerts are given in the fine and large room of the Communal School; the others are given in the room of the lodge. I was present at the second concert of the *Berggesellschaft* on the 14th instant, and must confess that I was agreeably surprised by the capital execution of the orchestra under Herr Sohn. The first part of the concert was filled by the charming symphony in B flat major of Niels W. Gade, one of the best of our modern instrumental composers, and an artist not sufficiently known in England. His music, without possessing great proportions, is rich in fine thoughts, scored in a masterly manner. In the second part of the program we had the well-known overture of the "Genoveva" by R. Schumann.

LEIPZIG.—On the evening of the 12th Dec., the Direction of the Conservatoire here gave a *soirée musicale par invitation* in honor of the King of Saxony's birth-day. First came a chorus for male voices, "Salvum fac regem," expressly composed for the occasion by Mr. Nathan B. Emanuel, from Birmingham, a pupil of the Conservatoire of Leipzig. Although the somewhat uncertainty of form and the crudity in the modulations of this work show want of experience in the young composer, it is not devoid of invention. A quartet by Schumann, for stringed instruments (No. 1. in A minor), played by four pupils, gave evidence of the good school still prevailing at this celebrated old establishment. The same may be said about the execution of a quintet for stringed instruments, composed by Reinecke (the Kapellmeister of the Gewandhaus) which was the *morceau brillant* of the programme. A *concerto-pastorale* for the pianoforte, by Moscheles, and an *adagio* and *suege* for violin, were excellently performed by R. Heckmann from Mannheim, and Mr. Davidoff from Petersburgh. Another very indifferent, "Salvum fac regem" for male chorus, composed by R. Heckmann, closing the concert, proved that this young gentleman is a better pianist than a composer.

The eighth Gewandhaus Concert was almost entirely (*) devoted to R. Schumann's compositions, Mme. Schumann being the only artist engaged on the occasion. A *Concert-Overture* of Jadassohn, (manuscript) directed by the composer himself, met with a very cold reception on the part of the public. The title *Concert-Overture* is in no way in keeping with the form of this very pale composition, which may be better denominated an *Allegro, primo tempo*, from a symphony. Not a single new melodic idea, not a single new instrumental effect is to be met with in the entire work. In a word, this composition is a very good exemplar of the modern *rational school*. The concerto for piano and orchestra (No. 2. D minor) of Mendelssohn was beautifully performed by Mme. Schumann. The two movements from a Symphony of F. Schubert (manuscript), which were played afterwards, are very far from being so great as the Viennese papers would make out, and nothing to be compared with better works of the great composer, as for example, the Symphony in C major. The effect produced upon the audience by these fragments was a *succès d'estime*—that is, a very cold one. A Prelude of T. Kirchner, *Scherzo*, and "Traumschwirren" of R. Schumann, were magnificently executed by Mme. Schumann, who, on being vociferously recalled, played a charming romance in D minor, composed by her husband. The symphony by Schumann (No. I. in B flat major), capably performed by the orchestra, brought the concert to an end.

At the next Gewandhaus Concert, I hear they are going to give the celebrated "Ballade," for solos and male chorus, the *Friethjof* of Max Bruch (author of the Opera *Loreley*), with Signor Marchesi as the hero (*Friethjof*). Signor Marchesi—who has been a great favorite here for many years—sang already with great success in the Gewandhaus concerts on the 6th instant. A real treat was the fourth *soirée für Kammermusik* in the Gewandhaus on Saturday last, Mme. Schumann being the pianist, and the Herren Concertmeister David, Röntgen (violin), Hermann (viola), Hegar (violoncello), Guenpert (horn). The ever-charming quartet for stringed instruments in A minor (Op. 29), by Schubert, executed to perfection, was the gem of the evening. Not so charming, but very interesting was the quartet in F major (No. 2), by Schumann. On the other hand a trio for piano, violin and horn, by S. Brahms, one of the modern composers who try to replace the real inspiration of musical thoughts by eccentricity and extravagance,

was positively tiresome. The masterly execution of David, Mme. Schumann, and Guenpert could not help to transform this mass of heterogeneous sounds into a musical sympathetic unity. The last number of the programme was a *fantaisie* for piano, in three parts (Op. 17) by Schumann, played by Mme. Schumann.

COLOGNE.—Of an uncommon interest was our Gürzenich concert; the great oratorio, in three parts, of F. Hiller, *Saul*, being produced for the first time here. It was first given in 1857, at the musical festival in Düsseldorf, and later in Vienna, Wiesbaden, and Basle. F. Hiller, following the progress of the musical art with its new instrumental resources, had already taken, in the first oratorio, *Die Zerstörung von Jerusalem*, the same path traced by Mendelssohn, especially in the *Paulus*, attempting to conciliate the pure religious feeling with the dramatical forms and worldly expression required by our present musical taste. In *Saul* he has made a great step forward, so that this very beautiful work is more to be called a "Biblical Drama" than an oratorio. The impression on the occasion was grand. Many numbers, however, having generally appreciated as exceptional, can be already pointed out as the *morceaux brillants* of the work in question. To this category belong (in the first part) the recitative and aria (David, "O, holde Jungfrau," for tenor; the soprano solo (Michal); and female chorus, "Weckt ihn nicht;" the recitative and solo for bass (Samuel), "König Israels;" and a charming little duet for soprano and tenor (Michal and Jonathan) "Vater Gottes, Zorneswölke." In the second part was remarkable the solo for soprano (Michal), "O du den meine Seele liebet;" and sublime was the recitative and air for baritone (Saul), "Lasst von Verfolgung ab." The "Trauermarsch" in the third part is a real musical gem. The libretto, from the celebrated pen of Moritz Hartmann, is as capital for the form as elevated for the style. The execution under the leadership of the great composer was perfect, and the splendid choruses of the *Saul* were capitally rendered, for precision of intonation and rhythm. The soli were entrusted to the Herren Hill, from Frankfort, baritone; Schild, from Leipzig, tenor; Krolop from the opera-house here, bass; and the Fräuleins Ehmans, soprano, and Kneip, alto—both pupils of the Conservatoire of Cologne.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 19, 1867.

Chamber Concerts.

"**SCHUMANN SOIRES.**" The young pianist, Mr. CARLYLE PETERSILEA, gave the first of his four soiresses, in which he intends to make the piano works of Schumann the conspicuous feature, on Thursday evening, Jan. 3, at Chickering's Hall. The audience was large, and the concert proved in the main one of rare and special interest. The artist showed good tact in the making up of his programme :

Fantaisie. Op. 17.....	Schumann.
Carlyle Petersilea.	
Scena and Aria (Ah ! perfido spergiuro).	Beethoven.
Mrs. H. M. Smith.	
Sonata, C minor (for Violin and Piano).	Beethoven.
Mr. Henry Suck and Carlyle Petersilea.	
{ a. How the young have wandered.	Mendelssohn.
{ b. Dedication.	Schumann.
Fantaisie. Op. 15.....	Schubert.

The selection from Schumann's piano-forte works, although but a single one, is equal to a large Sonata in length, and in richness and variety of matter in its three elaborate and interesting movements.

It was a well-chosen specimen, showing the individuality of Schumann, his genius (struggling with form), his depth of nature well. Hitherto we had heard only single movements of it in the concert room, and were now glad of an opportunity to hear the whole. We think it fully justifies all that is said of it by Wasielewski in the extracts which we translate on our first page today. It was an arduous task for the interpreter, but Mr. Petersilea seemed fully master of it, and

presented it in all its breadth and contrasts as a clear, consistent, vigorous whole; the bold march-like movement of the second part, and the delicate dreamy, musing passages elsewhere made themselves fully felt. It was admirable execution, tempered by true taste, and spent upon a worthy subject, a noble and significant work which had been thoroughly and intelligently studied.

The Schubert Fantaisie made a fine counter-part to it. Indeed a more effective, characteristic illustration of Schubert's quality could hardly have been chosen; it seemed to us that there was more of Schubert's best power in it (certainly more of that power which an audience readily appreciates) than in either of the Sonatas yet presented in Mr. Perabo's "Schubert" concerts. It opens large and broad, as if sketched for an orchestral work; and it develops in Sonata form almost, only without pause between all the movements. The manner in which the mind is gradually prepared for the introduction of his "Wanderer" melody (Adagio), excites strong expectation, and the song is harmonized and worked out with wonderful power and beauty.

Then follows a delicate Presto in Scherzo form; and for a Finale a bold Allegro sets in in fugued style, which we find a little hard and dry and tedious in its length. The whole was played with firm, brilliant, even power.

The Beethoven Sonata suffered by some difficulty of keeping the violin always in tune; this must have been accidental, for Mr. SUCK commonly plays as true as any one. Otherwise it was finely rendered.

Mrs. SMITH's large, clear soprano tones—the higher ones especially—told well in Beethoven's *Scena* in Italian operatic style; it was brilliant, but cold rendering. Schumann's "Dedication" (*Du meine Seele, Du mein Herz!*) was taken altogether too slowly and deliberately for a song of such fiery, impatient passion; neither singer nor accompanist (Mr. J. A. HOWARD), who played the other songs well, appeared to enter into the spirit of this piece. The serious Mendelssohn air was very well done.—The Soirée as a whole was one of the most unique and interesting chamber concerts we have had for some time.

Mr. Petersilea's second Soirée (Thursday of this week) must wait further notice. We can only allude now to the programme, which has more of Schumann in it, namely: The Sonata in F-sharp minor (spoken of on our first page), the Concerto (Mr. LANG playing the accompaniments on a second piano), and the Variations for two pianos. Also two movements of Chopin's E-minor Concerto; and songs by Schumann, Schubert and Mendelssohn, sung by Miss EDITH ABELL.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. The second subscription concert (Tuesday evening, Jan. 8) was one of the most delightful in the whole eighteen years history of the Club. The Chickering Hall was crammed, and the scene was doubly genial by reason of the re-appearance of many old musical faces whose presence had been missed for some years past. This also made the music sound the better, in spite of Handel's often quoted saying about the empty music hall. But the music was all decidedly good, both in matter and in presentation, thoroughly enjoyable to cultivated and refined tastes, as well as to the crowd in general. It consisted of these four interesting works by four masters :

Quintet in E flat. Op. 4.....	Beethoven.
Sonata, for Piano and Violin, in B flat.....	Dussek.
First time in Boston. Messrs. Lang and Schultz.	
Quartet in A. No. 3. Op. 41.....	R. Schumann.
Piano Trio in D Minor. Op. 49.....	Mendelssohn.

We thought we never had heard Mr. LANG play more admirably, never with such zeal fervor, force and delicacy, such thorough unity and vividness of conception, such fusion of all the details (finely clear as they separately were) in the pervading spirit of the whole, or with so sympathetic and musical a touch, so free from mere material brilliancy and dash, as he did in the Mendelssohn Trio. The work itself is one of the most perfect in form as well as genial in invention of all Mendelssohn's creations. The ideas, beautiful in themselves and pregnant, become completely clarified and as it were transfigured in the consummate working up. It was feast enough for one memorable evening to hear that old favorite again. The Sonata by Dussek, in a lighter, more old-fashioned style altogether, carrying you back to Haydn, Mozart and Clementi, but altogether spontaneous, limpid, graceful in its flow, and very naive, purely a piano-forte work (as pianos were in that day), presented a very different task, yet one almost as difficult in its way, and was alike happy in the rendering. Mr. Schultz played the violin part very nicely, especially the beautiful *cantabile* episode which his instrument has in the middle of the Allegretto (if we remember rightly).

Of the newer matter, the Schumann Quartet was of course the point of especial interest. It was first performed here, by the Club, in November, 1862, and was repeated once or twice soon after with increasing interest. This time it was remarkably well played and was appreciated by a much wider circle. We can only recall our old impression of it (1862), which we find now in no way essentially qualified :

Alike in the inventive and imaginative qualities of genius, and in artistic handling of ideas and instruments; alike in inspiration and in counterpoint, in poetic substance, feeling, and in form, it is one of the most rewarding Quartets one can listen to and study. From beginning to end it is full of matter,—we mean musical ideas, all fine, original and fresh; there is not a common-place bar or cadence in it; nothing feebly said at second hand; nothing which does not somehow seem to open your mental vision, as when you come in contact with a fresh, clear soul. In the mere matter of part-writing it is as free and clear and natural, while finely complicated, as Mozart almost; no part in another's way, nor in its own way; no part wondering why it is there. The counterpoint is all transparent, a mingling of currents each alive. Then as to the instruments, significant and lovely passages, now in the 'cellos, now the tenor, &c., lie on the open strings, so that the sound thereof is marrowy and goes (vibrates) to its mark. The first theme of the Allegro, consisting of a sort of pointed invitation of two notes (foreshadowed in a few bars of introductory Andante of exquisitely pensive harmony,) and a phrase of graceful, airy melody for answer, is presently offset by a counter theme sung in some one of the parts, while the others catch their breath in the rather nice task of accompanying; and these, with wayside and connecting thoughts, are developed into a beautiful and rich poetic whole.

The second movement (*Assai agitato*) is a succession of distinct, delicately quaint thoughts, all pointedly and briefly hinted as it were; among them a short fugue, and a bold motive (*tempo risoluto*) in which the frisky instruments leap about for a while with a vivacity that made us think of Handel's frogs; but what page of four-part music can be more ideally lovely, as if written for the fairy Fine-ear, than that which follows, and in which the series subsides and murmurs to a close! We will not dare to speak of the Adagio, save to say that in its profoundly serious mood there is nothing to overcome one with drowsiness, and that it does not fall below one's expectation of the Adagio in a work all so admirable. The Finale is in that old narrative ballad-like strain, to which Schumann takes so naturally, beginning with a

jaunty, quaint refrain, which recurs after each stage of the finely diversified and fascinating story. But what we have said is nothing; perhaps some time we shall attempt a fuller description of the contents of this Quartet. Meanwhile who does not long to hear it still again?

The fine old Beethoven Quintet opened the feast delectably, bringing back memories of our best musical days.—The third concert will come Feb. 5, with ERNST PERABO for pianist.

THIRD "SCHUBERT PIANO MATINEE." The interest in the young pianist, ERNST PERABO, does not fall off at all, but only spreads and deepens, as the large and eager attendance on Thursday afternoon (Jan. 10) proved. His programme was as unique and full of novelty as ever, in many respects extremely interesting. If our friend, in his desire to give us just those works of great masters which are little known or seldom heard (for which opportunity we sincerely thank him) includes some in his programmes which cannot rank among their most important works, yet he does it with such hearty conviction, he is so interested himself in what he does, not thinking of mere effect, and he has such a purely musical way of playing everything which he remembers (and he remembers every thing which he likes, and likes nothing which is not, to say the least, good), that it is sure to charm. We may question the judgment, but we must yield ourselves to the music; and we are pretty sure to have learned something of the composers, both the style and the distinctive inner man of each, and to have felt some new revelations of the meaning of all music, such as only music knows how to express.

His playing on this occasion, we may say once for all, was as nearly perfect as we can ask to hear. These were the selections:

Prelude and Fugue in E major, Prelude and Fugue in A minor, Bach. Duet for Piano and Clarinet, (Op. 15 in E flat major), N. Burgmüller. "Thou art the rest," Schubert. "Now the shades are falling," Franz. Sonata, Op. 120 (in A major). Three movements, Schubert. "Ye faded flowers," Schubert. Fifteen Variations with Fugue, Op. 35, E flat major, Beethoven.

The Bach Preludes and Fugues, particularly the long Fugue in A minor from the First Book, were highly edifying; played with fine accent, perfectly clear and even. One's musical sense is clearer after such an exercise of listening; calmly alive to delicate impressions that may follow; for Bach is both fine and essentially healthy. The Burgmüller Duet seemed not much more than a musician-like and graceful composition, rather common-place in point of inspiration; but nicely rendered by both instruments; Mr. RYAN's clarinet tone was more sweetly subdued, less glaring than sometimes of old.

Another Schubert Sonata, and another of the minor ones in point of ideal or artistic importance. Thus far Mr. Perabo has not given us one of the half dozen greatest among Schubert's Sonatas, such as that first one in A minor, the other one in A major, the one beginning with the broad, superb Fantasia in G, &c. No doubt these will come in time; meanwhile we are bound to suppose he has his own good reasons for the selection he is making; and we for one own to being glad of opportunities to hear all, even the less striking works of a composer who is always individual, and whose pen cannot help but leave the gleam of genius on the page.

The first Allegro of this smaller Sonata in A major has a graceful, softly gliding melody and is delicately breathed upon the canvass. The Andante is in a sweetly pensive, serious vein, with two or three interesting surprises by a change of key. The Finale is a bright, piquant, happy Rondo, full of arch vivacity. Altogether a very pleasing work, characteristic too, and wonderfully well played.

But what we have most to thank the concert-giver for this time is the Beethoven Variations on two themes which he has used also as the foundation of the last part of the Heroic Sym-

phony; the second and more melodious one appears originally in his music to the ballet: "The Men of Prometheus." Very pregnant themes both, and in the hands here of a great master of the Variation art. But these are hardly Variations in the same creative sense with the 33 on a Waltz by Diabelli, and the 32 on a theme in C minor. Those are variations of the thought, poetic, logical developments thereof, as well as of the form; these are more of the ornamental, formal kind, but opening richer and richer as they go on and full of the true Beethoven power. It was a great treat to hear the neglected work so ably and inspiringly brought out.

Miss BENNETT (a pupil, we believe of Mrs. HARWOOD) has caught not a little of that lady's genuine song expression; the character and spirit of the fine selections you felt to be there. The voice, musical and sweet in its essential quality, seemed somehow pinched and slightly nasal in its habit of delivery; but perhaps the timidity of a debut had much to do with it, for occasionally in passages where she gave herself out with full abandon the tones were as clear and searching as one could desire. Schubert's "Du bist die Ruhe" is one of the most pure and spiritual songs ever written, and one of the most difficult to render truly; all the more credit, then, to the young singer and to the accompanist, Mr. J. B. SHARLAND.

Perabo's fourth Matinée will be on the 31st of this month.

A concert of unusual interest will be that of Mrs. J. S. CARY, our contralto, who has done such excellent service in the Oratorios, and than whom we have no singer of a more genuine artistic character or more respected personally. It will take place in the Music Hall on Wednesday evening, Jan. 30. She has engaged an orchestra, with Mr. ZERRAHN as conductor, and hopes to have the Seventh Symphony performed. CAMILLA URSO, Miss HOUSTON, and Mr. J. C. D. PARKER will assist, and there will be a fine selection of pieces vocal and instrumental. Let no true friend of music fail to go.

TOO MUCH AT ONCE. This week brings upon us an avalanche of music, (the avalanche of snow now sweeping down on us from the north-east (Thursday) furnishes the image).

To-night, for instance, we have first Petersilea's "Schumann Soirée;" also Italian Opera ("L'Etoile du Nord"); then, as if this were not enough, suddenly reappears the Bateman troupe, PAREPA, ROSA, HATTON, MILLS and all, for three "farewell" concerts, heralded by rumors of strange new plans and alliances, all too bewildering to think of now. Then to-morrow comes the "Symphony Concert," with CAMILLA URSO and SCHUMANN Symphony; and more opera and more Bateman night by night and afternoon too:—all of which falls after our going to press, which is (was) two days before date of publication.

The fifth SYMPHONY CONCERT (March 1) offers the ever welcome Gade Symphony in C minor; another Cherubini Overture (to "The Water Carrier," or "Les deux Journées"), and Mendelssohn's Overture to "Ruy Blas." Mr. LANG will be the pianist, and play a Beethoven Concerto—not one of the three we heard last year, but an earlier one, in B flat, and that same Schubert Fantasia we have talked about above, as worked up into an orchestral and piano piece by Liszt.

The Harvard Musical Association are making arrangements for an extra Symphony Concert in aid of the Greeks, to send food to the women and children of the Cretans. Many of our best musicians offer their services most heartily, and the programme will embrace music suggestive of classic Greece in its days of glory ("Antigone" choruses, &c.); selections from Mozart's "Seraglio" and from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athene," suggestive of the Turks; and end with the Fifth Symphony, full of grand hope and triumph. Particulars soon.

MARETZEK'S ITALIAN OPERA opened at the Boston Theatre on Monday with Rossini's "Barber." The delicious music was exquisitely relished by a very large and appreciative audience. RONCONI, in spite of apology for hoarseness, sang as well as usual and acted the mercurial Figaro with infinite vivacity and truth. Miss KELLOG has not the kind of voice, the warm rich mezzo-soprano quality, which we associate with Rosina, and had of course to treat the part in her own way; but she sang the music with wonderful fluency and finish and acted with a great deal of pretty *espiglierie*. Sig. BARAGLI is no Mario, but he showed finely finished execution in the florid music of Almaviva, though now and then with painful straining. ANTONUCCI as Basilio and BELLINI as Dr. Bartolo were satisfactory in the main. More hereafter.

SOCIAL REUNION.—The pupils of Professor E. B. OLIVER, of the MENDELSSOHN MUSICAL INSTITUTE, No. 26 Oxford street, in this city, had a social reunion on Monday evening last. A large number, both young and old, met together to congratulate each other upon the progress they had made under Mr. Oliver's care. Some of the young ladies sang extracts from celebrated composers in most excellent voice and taste. It was refreshing to hear music rendered strictly in accordance with the text, without the usual obnoxious slurs and slides.

The company were entertained with ices, cakes, fruits, &c., and all were highly delighted. Prof. Oliver's method of teaching meets with the approbation of all good musicians, and we are glad to learn that he is having large success.—*Transcript.*

NEW YORK. The Philharmonic Society has met with a great loss in the resignation of its President, MR. WILLIAM SCHARFENBERG, (senior partner of the music firm of Scharfenberg & Luis,) who was one of the founders of the Society, an excellent artist, always ranking among the best classical pianists in the country. The musical firm is dissolved, and Mr. Scharfenberg intends to spend the winter in Havana. There are hints that he will make Germany his home again; but we trust that he will not finally forsake the country of his adoption, where for some twenty years he has identified himself with every good interest of Art, a true American in his ideas, a loyal, philanthropic, useful gentleman.

MR. THEODORE THOMAS's third Symphony Soirée, must have been an occasion of much interest, for he had an Orchestra of 80 performers, with the assistance of the Mendelssohn (choral) Union, under Mr. Bergo's direction, and his programme contained: A new Suite in C, op. 101, by Raff; Mozart's *Ave verum corpus*; the Overture, Chorus: "Arise and shine, and Choral: "Sleepers, wake," from *St. Paul* and Schumann's D-minor Symphony.

A new experiment of German Opera is in progress, at the Thalia Theatre, in Broadway. The company is a union of the scattered artists of the late German and French troupes of Grover and Juignet, and the engagement runs from the 2nd January, to the 15th April, 1867. They will give German and French operas, but principally German. The principal singers are: Mme. Frederici, Mlle. Naddi, and Mlle. Seelig, from Hanover, prime donne; Mles. Dziuba & Laurentis, soprano; Therese Bonconsiglio, contralto; Franz Himmer and Jean Armand, tenors (in heroic parts); Wilhelm Groschel, lyric tenor, from Zürich; Paul de Surmont, tenor; Wilhelm Formes and Franz Wilhelm, baritones; Joseph Chandon, from Stuttgart, and Jean Vert, bassos. Herr Neundorf is Conductor. Among the pieces already given are *Faust*, *Don Juan*, *Die Zauberflöte*, and *Der Freyschütz*. The *Faust* is described as an indifferent performance after what we have had by the old Grover troupe; Herr Himmer and his wife (Frederici) being the best part of it, and Mr. Chandon not making good the place of Hermanns. Some of the performances are said to be "fully as good as those of the late German Opera." Of that of *Don Juan* the *Weekly Review* says:

Miss Seelig sang at the last Philharmonic concert with more assurance than success, and we are happy that, although her assurance has not decreased, her success is more deserved in opera. Her impersonation of *Donna Anna* in "*Don Juan*" was very satisfactory, although it seemed highly improbable that a lady of her imposing figure and manifest strength would let a small *Don Juan* like Mr. Formes go so easily as she did. She sang with a great deal of vigor and good conception of the music. Her voice is not as carefully trained as might be wished, but she must have been a very meritorious singer some years ago, and to-day she still retains some very good artistic qualities. Mr. Groschel, who arrived here with very good recommendations, has not realized our expectations. He is a singer of a very good school, carefully trained, and just such an artist as would be an excellent singing teacher; but he has neither dramatic power, nor even the appearance of an operatic singer. Some of his notes are very pleasing, especially in the middle register, but as soon as he arrives at those notes which ought to be quite easily sung with the chest by a tenor, he has to use the *falsetto*. This he uses very well in a few tones, and rather badly in the upper register, his high A and B being evidently pressed and betraying the effort which it costs him to produce them. We cannot consider the acquisition of this artist a surprisingly

great one. Mr. Chandon is evidently just the opposite of Mr. Groschel. In possession of a very agreeable, not too strong, but sufficiently pliable voice, whose compass stretches over two octaves, Mr. Chandon has no more idea of stage business than a New Zealander has of kid gloves. To him it seems to be all the same whether he plays the part of *Leporello*, or of *Caspar* in the "Freischütz." His fine voice is occasionally a redeeming feature, but it is pitiable that Mr. Chandon should not possess the slightest talent for his profession, as a dramatic singer. Next week we are promised "Le Nozze di Figaro" and Glæser's old opera "Des Adler's Horst." The impresario of the enterprise, Mr. Armand, has also taken charge of the French opera troupe, and that company will continue their performances. Madame Naddie singing in both companies.

HARTFORD, CONN. Of the recent performance of Costa's *Eli*, by the Beethoven Society a correspondent writes us :

"The rendering of the choruses and some of the solos was superior to that given in May. The principal Tenor part was given to Mr. Farley, who unfortunately was not well posted, and had a severe cold; while Dr. Guilmette's engagement in Boston was so important that he could not afford time to attend a rehearsal, and came upon the stage to sing his "role" to some extent unprepared; the effectiveness of his performance you can well imagine. He sang magnificently in the spring. Neither was the Orchestra as good as we have been accustomed to listen to. Notwithstanding these draw-backs, the wonderful and electric power and vitality infused into the choral part by the Society, made up for the imperfections in the solo portions. The lovely and interesting part of Samuel was sung by Miss Gertrude Frankau, with great sweetness and grace; the Evening Prayer in particular was remarkably effective. No less excellent was Miss Ellen Miller in the part of Hannah. The fair debutante possesses a fine mezzo soprano voice, as well as musical expression. "I will extol thee," was sung by our young and rising prima donna, Miss Campbell. Great praise must be awarded to Mr. J. G. BARNETT, for his training of the chorus and resident solo singers; they all seem to be inspired by his extraordinary vitality and power. To his great skill, care and judgment in conducting his orchestra and singers, are we indebted for this as well as many other great and intellectual musical banquets."

8.

PHILADELPHIA. The Germania Orchestra give their public Saturday Afternoon Rehearsals still. Here is one of the last programmes :

Overture, <i>Les Abénédéages</i> (first time).....	Cherubini.
Eulogy of Tears (by request).....	Schubert.
Elite Dances, Waltz	Lanner.
Allegro from Seventh Symphony.....	Beethoven.
Overture, Fair Melusine (by request).....	Mendelssohn.
Duet from Brewer of Preston (first-time).....	Adam.
Final Fins from Shipwreck of the Medusa.....	Reissiger.

The Bateman troupe were here last week, giving two "farewell" concerts.

ST. LOUIS. The Philharmonic Society, conducted by A. Waldauer, gave its second concert at Philharmonic Hall, Dec. 20. The programme included : Overture to *Der Freyschütz*; Chorus from *Elijah*: "Blessed are the men who fear Him;" Violin solo, *Fantaisie brillante d'Otello*, by Ernst; Four-part song : "Festival of Spring," by Kalliwoda; Andante and Minuet from Beethoven's 1st Symphony; Trio from *Roberto Devereux*; Overture, "The Wood Nymph," by Bennett; "*Inflammatus*," from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

SUCCESSFUL MUSICAL CONVENTION. The Fourth Annual New Hampshire State Musical Festival, in Eagle Hall, Concord, commenced Monday evening, January 7th, and closed the succeeding Friday night. Nine hundred and twenty-five membership tickets were sold to active participants from every section of the State, and musical representatives of

Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Northern New York, &c.

The Church Music (selections from "The Offering"), and Glee Departments were effectively supervised by Mr. L. H. SOUTHARD of Boston, who ably conducted two concerts of miscellaneous music, Wednesday and Thursday evenings. Special attention was paid to the proper rendering of Oratorios under the skilful direction of CARL ZERRAHN. Mrs. Martha Dana Shepard, of Holderness, principal Pianist, nobly sustained her reputation of being the most accomplished lady accompanist and soloist in New Hampshire. Mr. J. H. Morey, of Concord, Mr. W. W. Graves of Salisbury, and Conductor Southard, also acceptably officiated at a truly "Grand" Piano. The "Social Hour" was made a prominent feature of each day, and brought out unostentatiously a good amount of talent.

During the Convention, vocal duets were nicely rendered by Misses M. and A. E. Porter, of Manchester, N. H.; Mrs. A. C. Munroe and Mr. S. Richards of Worcester, Mass.; Songs, by Mrs. Munroe, (whose rich contralto voice easily runs three octaves), Miss M. Porter, Mr. Richards, Mr. Arrighi of the Methodist Biblical Institute, Concord, Master Harry Baker, four years old, of Concord, and others. Piano solos by Mrs. Shepard, Messrs. Morey and Graves. ("Helter Skelter Galop," "Frederick's March," &c., by Concord Orchestral Club. Anthem with soprano solo by Miss Lizzie S. Odlin, of Concord. Four-hand duets by Mrs. Shepard and Mr. Morey; Mrs. S. and Mr. Graves. The Manchester Philharmonic Club, which has assiduously labored for several years, under the direction of Mr. E. T. Baldwin, to create a taste for classical productions in a not yet very musically educated community, delighted interested listeners by shading Mendelssohn's beautiful "Shepherd's Song," "Early Spring," "Presage of Spring," &c., in so artistic a manner as to not only receive the hearty plaudits of a critical audience, but also win high commendation from thoroughly educated masters of the Art.

Professional vocalists : Mrs. H. M. Smith, Soprano, Miss Addie S. Ryan, Contralto, Mr. M. W. Whitney, Basso, (all of Boston) and Mr. G. W. Haselwood (Director of Music at the "Old Roger Williams" First Baptist Church, Providence, R. I.), Tenore,—received many flattering encores for finished songs, cavatinas, duets, &c.

Each and all appeared to great advantage at the closing Oratorio Concert, Friday night, when portions of Handel's "Messiah," Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and Rossini's "Stabat Mater" were given with much taste, power and effect, splendid orchestral accompaniments being furnished by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, assisted by H. Kehrhahn, of the Boston Theatre Orchestra, Double Bass; Mr. Southard at the Cabinet Organ, and Mrs. Shepard, Hazelwood's "Comfort ye my people," and "Ye people rend your hearts"; Mrs. Smith's "There were shepherds abiding in the field"; Miss Ryan's touching "He shall feed his flock," and Mr. Whitney's "The people that walked in darkness," "It is enough," and, "Oh Lord, Thou hast overthrown Thine enemies," were rendered with genuine artistic fervor. "The Angel Trio" from "Elijah," by Mrs. Smith, Miss Abby Sanborn, of Pittsfield, N. H., and Miss Ryan, deserved its graphic title by mellifluous sweetness. The magnificent choruses were by turns so appropriately subdued and inspiringly sublime as to satisfy the exacting critic.

Much of the improvement derived from this successful gathering of New Hampshire musicians, may justly be credited to Conductors Zerrahn and Southard, and their melodious coadjutors. The business managers, Messrs. Morey, Jackman and Davis, of Concord, were unflagging in their efforts to make the Festival pleasant as well as profitable.

AMATEUR.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Only a lock of hair. Song.	Claribel. 30
A sweet and affecting song.	
We rural Elves. Fairy laughing duet.	Glover. 70
Capital. To be classed among Glover's most entertaining pieces.	
The merry elves in their mischief lead travellers astray, ride the sleepy groom's horses over moor and mountain, and do not forget to pinch the toes of maidens whose rooms are not found to be tidy. With the "ha! ha!" heartily given, this will be a very effective piece to sing for amusement of an evening.	
O give me back but yesterday. Ballad. F. Romer. 30	
Expressive and pretty. A good song.	
Napoleon to Josephine. Song.	Mrs. Onslow. 30
A charming old-fashioned song.	
Beneath the old oak tree, Kathleen.	M. L. W. 30
Wouldn't you like to know. Song.	G. J. Breed. 30
Excellent songs in popular style.	
Jessy, the belle at the bar.	G. Ware. 35
Her lovers were "A tinker and a tailor, a soldier and a sailor, a chap that used to talk about his pa and his ma, a butcher and a baker, and a quiet looking quaker," besides the unfortunate narrator.	
The sorrows of a spinster. Song.	H. Paul. 30
I'm a ladies' man.	" " "
Them blessed roommates.	" " "
The spinster could not spin a thread strong enough to bind a heart to her fortunes, but the ladies' man had to "carry a cane to keep the girls away." Roommates are often contracted in attic rooms, and it is natural that a poet familiar with garrets and aches should take up the theme. Good comic songs.	
The message. (Mein Gruss).	Blumenthal. 40
A difficult, but uncommonly beautiful song. The sentiment is elevated and elevating.	
I will love thee. Solo, duet and quartett.	(Sabath evenings).
Southard. 40	
Ho, every one that thirsteth. Baritone song.	
Fairlamb. 35	
Fine and useful sacred pieces, the last one, perhaps, the most difficult.	
By-gone love. Song.	Linley. 30
The music by Ascher, and has German and English words. Very good, and a little difficult.	
Instrumental.	
Thoughts at twilight. Nocturne.	J. W. Turner. 30
Good taste, easy, and useful lesson piece.	
Sighing for home. (Schnucht).	A. Jungman. 20
As pretty as Heimweh, and about as difficult.	
Controversen Waltzes.	Strauss.
Claribel.	Cooe.
The first brilliant, of course, and the second includes some of Claribel's best melodies.	
Blow, gentle gales.	B. Richards. 40
Graceful and pleasing. Of medium difficulty.	
The Harp at midnight. Nocturne.	V. B. Aubert. 40
Contains a well-managed imitation of harp-serenade, after which some pages of sparkling runs and arpeggios.	
Galop Orientale.	G. W. Lyon. 40
A very taking and pretty piece, and not difficult.	
Dandini galop.	S. Hassler. 30
Snow-bound polka.	J. M. Holland. 30
Fairy May polka.	T. H. Howe. 30
Useful and easy pieces, and quite pleasing.	
L'Etoile mazurka.	Fairlamb. 50
Sea-side reverie for piano.	T. Bricher. 40
Graceful pieces, and not especially difficult.	

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every fourounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

